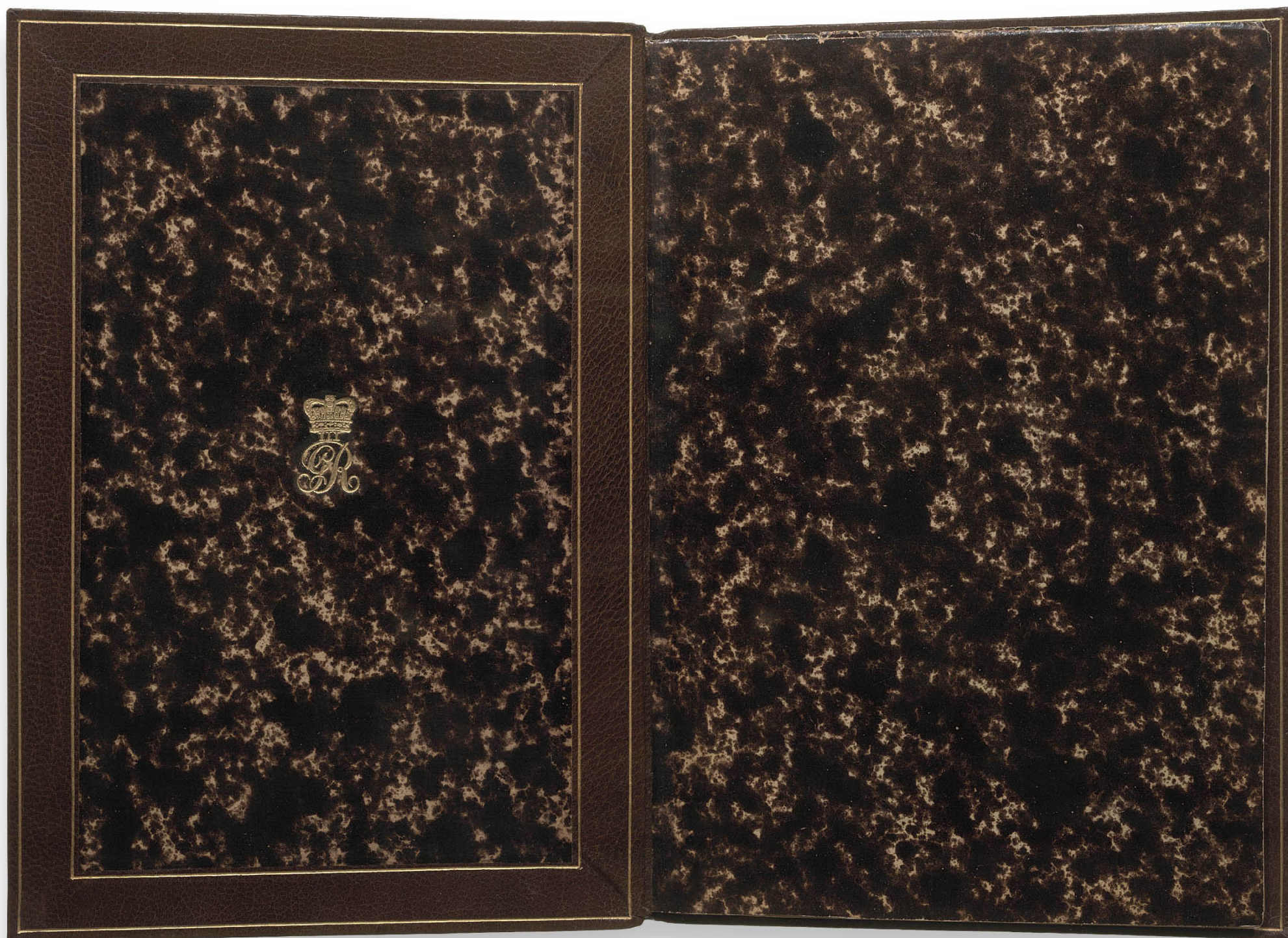


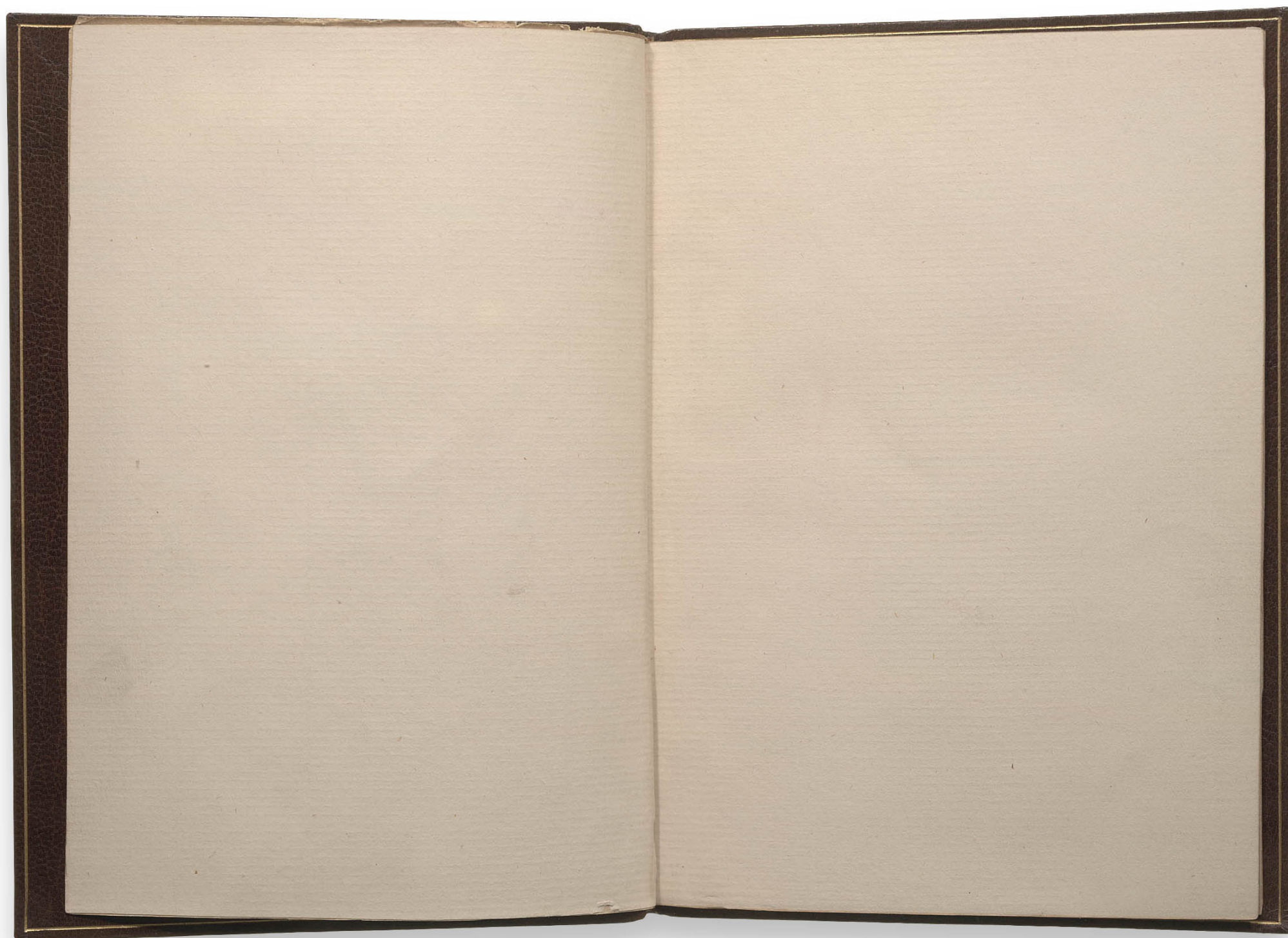
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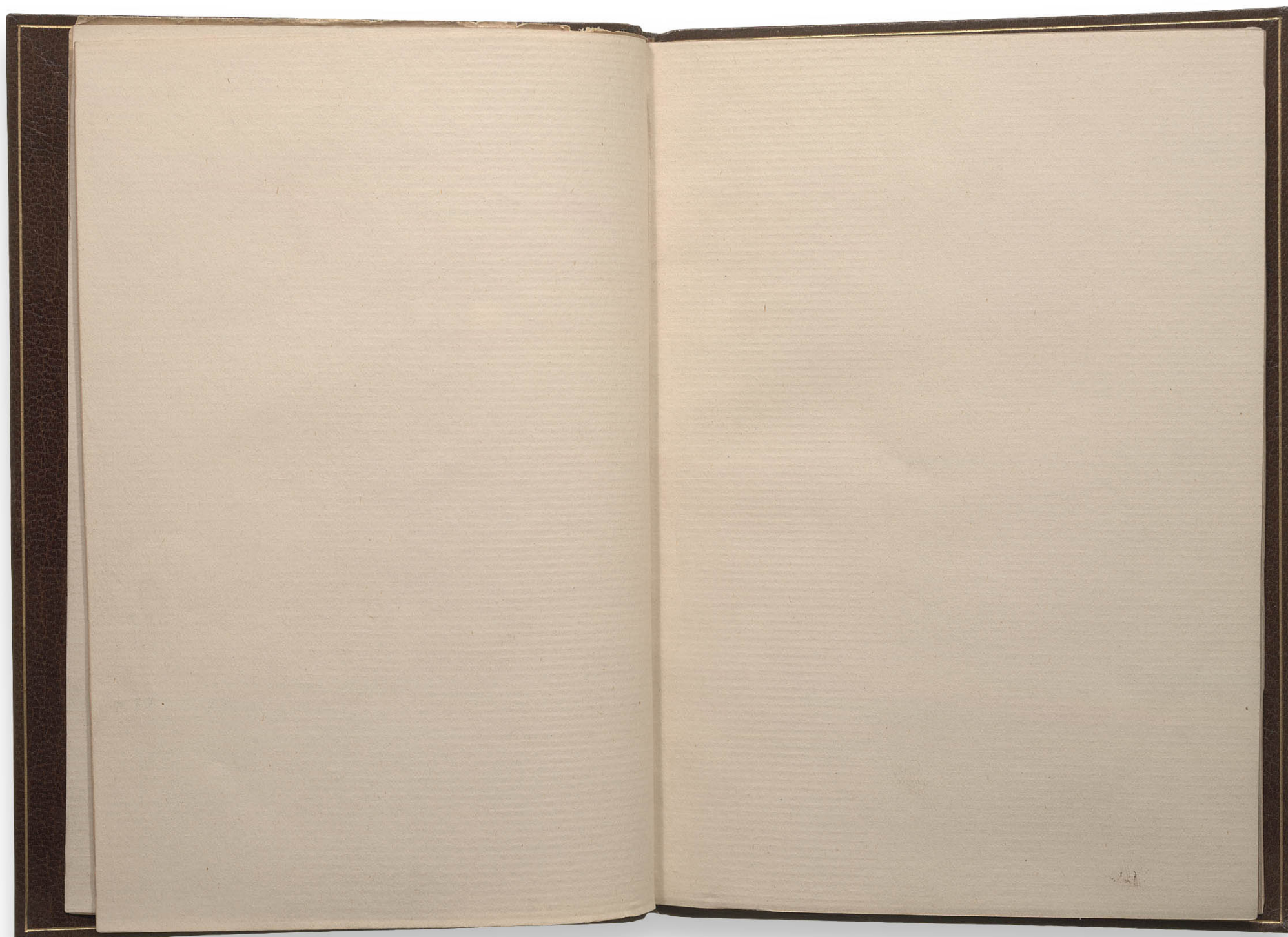
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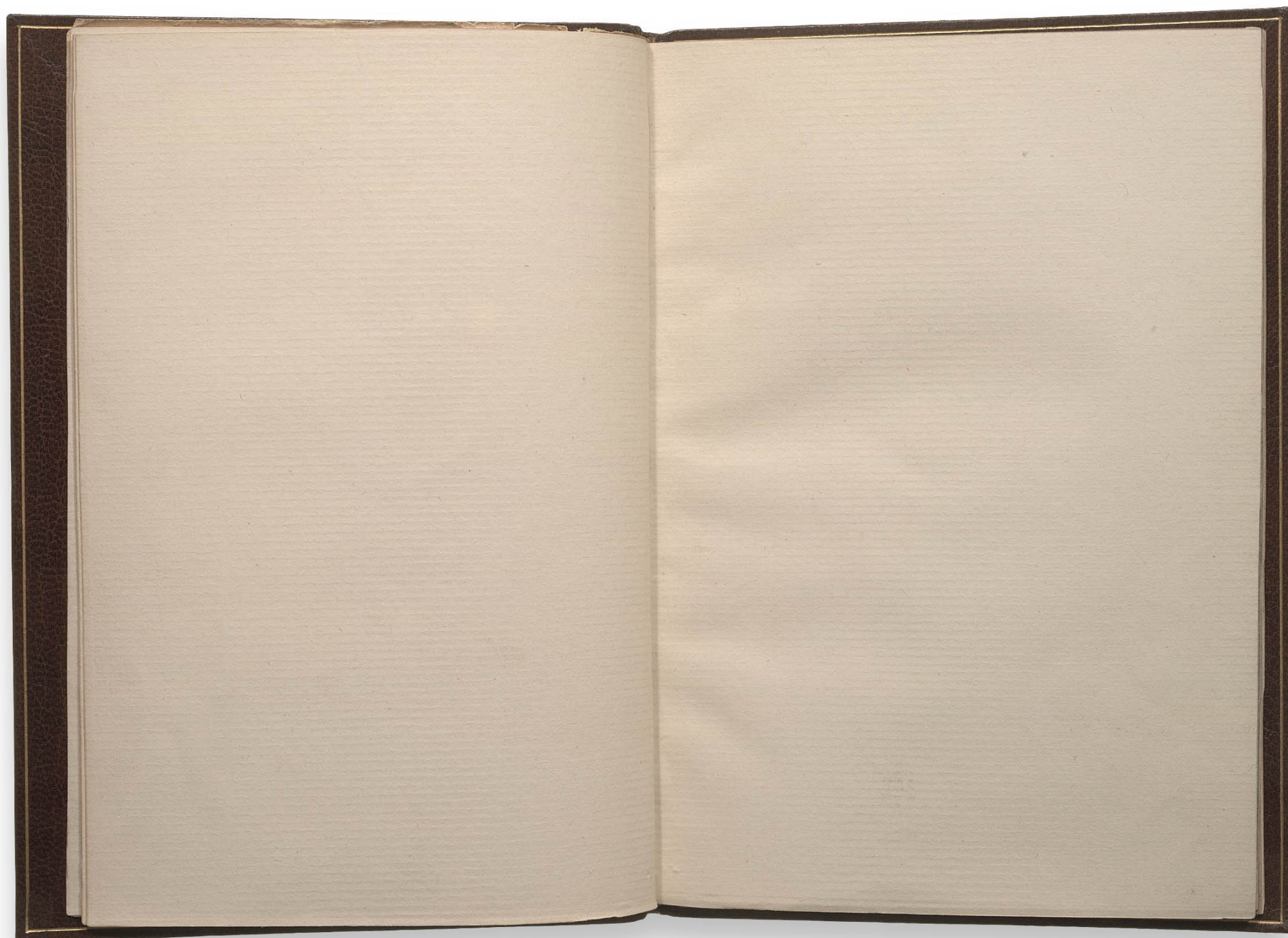
SHAKESPEARE. THE CHRONICLE HISTORY OF HENRY THE FIFT.

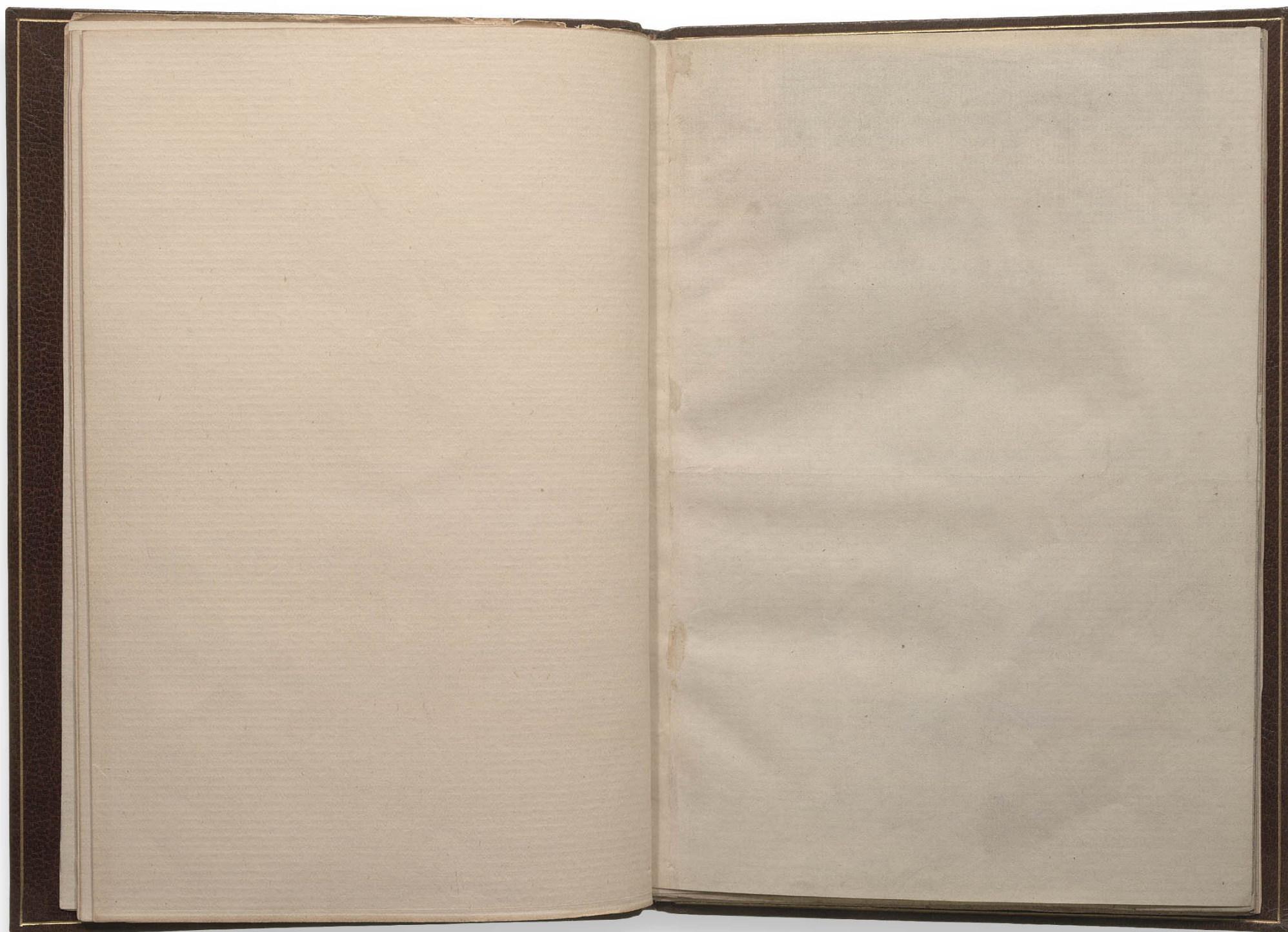
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THE
Chronicle History
of Henry the fift, with his
battell fought at Agin Court in
France. Together with an-
cient Pistoll.

As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right Honou-
rable the Lord Chamberlaine his
Seruants.

by Shakspeare



Printed for T. P. 1608.

THE
Chronicle Historie

of Henry the first, with his
battell fought at Agin Court in



Printed for T. T. 1608.



The Chronicle Historie
of Henry the first : with his battell fought
at Agin Court in France. Together with
Ancient Pistoll.

Enter King Henry, Exeter, two Bishops, Clarence,
and other Attendants.



Exeter.

Shall I call in th'Ambassadors my Liege?
King. Not yet my cousin, till we be resolu'd
Of some serious matters touching vs and France.

Byss. God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you : and good my Lord proceed
Why the Law *Salique* which they haue in France,
Or should or should not stop in vs our claime :
And God forbid my wife and learned Lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.
For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too.
Therefore take heede how you impawne our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre :
We charge you in the name of God take heede.
After this coniuration, speake my Lord :
And we will iudge, note, and beleene in heart,
That what you speake, is washt as pure
As sin in baptisme.

A 2

Byss.

The Chronicle History

Bish. Then heare me gracious Soueraigne, & you Peeres,
Which owe your liues, your faith, and seruices
To this imperiall Throne:
There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to France,
But one; which they produce from *Faramount*:
No female shall succeed in *Salique Land*;
Which *Salique Land*, the French vniustly gloze
To be the Realme of France,
And *Faramount* the founder of this law and female barre.
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salique* lyes in *Germany*,
Betweene the floods of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,
Where *Charles* the first hauing subdude the Saxons
There left behinde, and settled certaine French,
Who holding in disdaine the Germane women,
For some dishonest manners of their liues,
Establisht there this Law. To wit,
No female shall succeed in *Salique Land*:
Which *Salique land* (as I haue sayd before)
Is at this time in *Germany*; call'd *Mesene*.
Thus doth it well appeare, the *Salique* law
Was not deuised for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French possesse the *Salique land*,
Vntill foure hundred one and twenty yeares
After the function of King *Faramount*,
Godly supposd the founder of this Law.
Hugh Capet also that vsurpt the Crowne,
To fine his Title with some shew of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and nought:
Conuey'd himselfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foresayd Duke of *Lorain*,
So that as cleere as is the summers Sun,
King *Pipins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* claime,
King *Charles* his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lords of *France* vntill this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this *Salique Law*

To

of Henry the first.

To barre your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Then amply to embrace their crooked causes,
Vsurt from you and your progenitors.

K. May we with right and conscience make this claime?

Bi. The sin vpon my head dread Soueraigne:

For in the booke of Numbers it is writ,
When the sonne dyes, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter.
Noble Lord, stand for your owne,
Vnwinde your bloody flagge,
Go my dread Lord to your great Grandfathers graue,

From whom you claime:

And your great Vnckle *Edward* the blacke Prince,

Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy,

Making defeate on the full power of *France*,

Whilst his most mighty father on a hill,

Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,

Foraging the blood of French Nobility.

O Noble English, that could entertaine

With halfe their forces the full power of *France*:

And let another halfe stand laughing by,

All out of worke, and colde for action.

King. We must not onely arme vs gainst the French,

But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,

Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.

Bi. The Marches gracious soueraigne, shalbe sufficient

To guard your England from the pilfering borderers.

King. We do not meane the courting sneakers onely,

But feare the maine entendment of the Scot:

For you shall read, neuer my great Grandfather

Vnmaskt his power for *France*,

But that the Scot on his vnfurnisht kingdome,

Came pouring like the tide into a breach,

That *England* being empty of defences,

Hath shooke and trembled at the brute heereof.

Bish. She hath bin then more fear'd then hurt my Lord:

A 3

For

The Chronicle History

For heare her but exemplified by her selfe,
When all her chivalry hath bene in France,
And she a mourning widdow of her Nobles,
She hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded (as a stray) the King of Scotles,
Whom like a caye she did leade to France,
Filling your Chronicles as rich with praise,
As is the owse and bottome of the sea,
With sunken wracke, and shipleffe treasure.

Lord. There is a saying very old and true.
If you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:
For once the Eagle England being in pray,
To his unfurnisht Nest the weazle Scot
Would sucke her Egges,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
To spoyle and hauocke more then she can eat.

Exe. It followes then, the Cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a curst necessity,
Since we haue traps to catch the petty theeuers:
Whilst that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The aduised head controulles at home:
For gouernment though high or low, being put in parts,
Congrueth with a mutuall consent like musicke.

Bish. True, therefore doth heauen
Diuide the fate of man in diuers functions:
Whereto is added as an ayme or But, Obedience:
For so liue the hony bees, creatures that by awe
Ordaine an act of order to a peopled Kingdome.
They haue a King, and Officers of sort;
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venture Trade abroad:
Others, like soldiours armed in their stings,
Make boot vpon the sommers Veluet bud:
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-royall of their Emperour;
Who busied in his maiesty, behold

The

of Henry the first.

The singing Masons building rooves of Gold,
The ciuill Citizens lading vp the hony,
The sad-ey'd Iustice with his surly humme,
Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazie caning drone,
This I inferre, that twenty actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.

As many arrowes losed feuerall wayes, fly to one marke:
As many feuerall wayes meete in one Towne:
As many fresh streames run in one selfe-sea:
As many lines close in the diall center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well born without defect.

Therefore my Liege to France,
Diuide your happy England into foure;

Of which take you one quarter into France,
And you withall, shall make all Gallia shake.

If we with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,
Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lose
The name of policy and hardinesse.

King. Call in the messenger sent from the Dolphin,
And by your ayde, the noble sinnewes of our Land,
France being ours, weel bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in peeces:

Either our Chronicles shall with full mouth speake
Freely of our acts, or else like tonguelesse mutes,
Not worshipt with a paper Epitaph.

Enter the Ambassadors from France.
Now are we well prepar'd to know the Dolphins pleasure
For we heare your comming is from him.

Ambas. Pleaseth your Maiesty to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge,
Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,
The Dolphins pleasure, and our Embassage?

King. We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,
To whom our spirit is as subiect,
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.

There-

The Chronicle History

Therefore freely, and with vncurbed boldnesse
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

Ambas. Then this in fine the Dolphin saith,
VWhereas you claime certaine Townes in France,
From your predecessor King *Edward* the third,
This he returnes :

He saith, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne;
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there :
Therefore he sendeth meeter for your studie
This tun of treasure : and in lieu of this,
Desires to let the Dukedomes that you craue
Heare no more from you. This the Dolphin saith.

King. VVhat treasure Vnckle?

Exe. Tennis balles my Liege.

King. Wee are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
Your message, and his present we accept.
When we haue matcht our Rackets to these balles,
We wil by Gods grace play him such a set,
Shal strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France shalbe disturbd with chafes.
And we vnderstand him well, how he comes ore vs
With our wilder daies,
Not meafuring what vse we made of them.
We neuer valew'd this poore seate of England,
And therefore gaue our selues to barbarous License,
As tis common seene,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But toll the Dolphin we will keepe our state,
Be like a King, mighty, and command,
When we do rowle vs in the Throne of France.
For this we haue layd by our Maiesty,
And plodded like a man for working dayes;
But we will rise therewith so full of glory,
That we will dazle all the eyes of France,
I strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs.

And

of Henry the first.

And tell him this,
His mocke hath turn'd his balles to gun-stones,
And his soule shall sit sore charged, for the wastfull
Vengeance that shall flye from them,
For this his mocke,
Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands,
Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mocke Castles down.
I, some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom we do appeale : and in whose name,
Tell you the Dolphin we are comming on,
To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand
In a right cause : so get you hence, and tell your Prince,
His iest will sauour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with safe conduct; see them hence.

Exe. This was a merry message.

King. We hope to make the sender blush at it :
Therefore let our collection for the wars be soon provided
For God before, weel check the Dolphin at his fathers
Doore : therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire action may on foote be brought.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Nim and Bardolfe.

Bar. Good morrow Corporall *Nim*.

Nim. Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe*.

Bar. What, is Ancient *Pistol* and thee friends yet?

Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may :
I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron,
Tis a simple one, but what tho ; twil serue to toste cheese,
And it will endure cold as another mans sword will,
And theres the humour of it.

Bar. I saith Mistresse *Quickly* did thee great wrong,
For thou wert troth-plight to her.

B

Nim.

The Chronicle History

Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tired mare,
Yet sheel plod, and some say knives haue edges,
And men may sleepe and haue their throates about them
At that time, and there's the humor of it.

Bar. Come ifaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll*
and thee friends. What a plague should we carry knives
to cut our owne throates.

Nim. Ifaith ile liue as long as I may, that's the certaine of
it. And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,
And there's my rest, and the randeuous of it.

Enter Pistoll, and Hostes Quickly his wife.

Bar. Good morrow ancient *Pistoll*, I prethee *Nim* be quiet.
heere comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prethee *Nim* be quiet.

Nim. How do you my host?

Pist. Base slave, callest thou me host?
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

Host. No by my troth not I,
For we cannot bed nor boord halfe a score gentlewomen
That liue honestly by the pricke of their needle,
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord, heere's Corporall *Nim*, now shall
We haue wilfull adultery and murther committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword. *Nim.* Push.

Pist. What, dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland

Nim. Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.

Pist. Solus, egregious dog, that solus in thy throate,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy mesfull mouth, I do retort that solus
In thy bowels, and in thy law perdie; for I can talke,
And *Pistols* flashing fiery cocke is vp.

Nim. I am not *Barbasom*, you cannot coniure me;
I haue an humor *Pistoll* to knocke you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*,
Ile scoure you with my Rapier in faire tearmes.

of Henry the fift.

If you will walke off a little,
Ile pricke your guts a little in good termes,
And there's the humor of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The graue doth gape, and groaning death is neere,
Therefore exall. *They draw.*

Bar. Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him, as I am a Souldier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or another
In faire termes: and there's the humor of it.

Pist. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen;
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch foorth the lazar kite of Cresides kinde,
Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowse
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely she and Paco, there it is enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Hostes, you must come straight to my Master,
And you host *Pistoll*.

Good *Bardolfe* put thy nose betweene the sheetes,
And do the office of a warning pan.

Host. By my troth hee'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one of
these dayes.

Ile go to him, husband you'l come?

Bar. Come *Pistoll* be friends.

Nim. prethee be friends, and if thou wilt not,
Be enemies with me too.

N. I shal haue my eight shillings I won of you at betting

Pist. Base is the slave that payes.

Ni. That now I will haue, and there's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound.

They draw.

Bar. He that strikes the first blow,

Ile kill him by this sword.

P. Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.

The Chronicle History

Nim. I shall haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at betting.

Pist. A noble shalt thou haue, and ready pay,
And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,
And friendship shall combinde our brotherhood,
He liue by *Nim*, as *Nim* shall liue by me:
Is not this iust? for I shall Sutler be
Vnto the Campe, and profit will occrue.

Nim. I shall haue my noble?

Pist. In cash most truly paid.

Nim. Why theres the humor of it.

Enter Hostes.

Hostes. As euer you came of men come in,
Sir *John*, poore soule is so troubled
With a burning tashan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.

Pist. Let vs condole the knight; for lamkins we wil liue.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Exeter and Gloster.

Glost. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to
trust these traytors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

Glost. I but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with Princely fauors,
That he should for a forreigne purse, to sell
His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.

Exe. O the Lord of *Masbam*.

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now firs, the winde is faire, and we will aboard;
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Masbam*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,
Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs Conquerors in the field of *France*?

Masbam. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

Cam.

of Henry the fift.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then
is your Maiesty.

Grey. Euen those that were your fathers enemies
Haue steeped their gals in hony for your sake.

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hands;
According to their cause and worthinesse.

Mas. So seruice shall with steeled sinewes shine,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant seruice.

King. Vnckle of Exeter, enlarge the man
Committed yesterday, that rai'd against our person,
We consider it was the heate of wine that set him on,
And on his more aduice we pardon him.

Mas. That is mercy, but too much security;
Let him be punished Soueraigne,
Least the example of him, breed more of such a kinde.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your highnesse, and punish too.

Grey. You shew great mercy if you giue him life,
After the taste of his correction.

King. Alasse, your too much care and loue of me,
Are heauy orisons against the poore wretch,
If little faults proceeding on distemper,
Should not be winked at,
How should we stretch our eye, when capitall crimes,
Chewed, swallowed, and digested, appeare before vs;
Well yet enlarge the man, tho *Cambridge* and the rest
In their deare loues, and tender preservation of our state,
Would haue him punished.
Now to our French causes.
Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. Me one my Lord,
Your highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Mas. So did you me my Soueraigne.

Grey. And me my Lord.

The Chronicle History

King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours.
There is yours, my Lord of *Masbam*:
And sir *Thomas Grey*, knight of *Northumberland*,
This same is yours;

Reade them, and know we know your worthinesse.
Vnckle *Exeter*, I will aboard to night.

Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?
What see you in those papers,
That hath so chased your blood out of apparence?

Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercy.

Masb. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late,
By your owne reasons is fore-stald and done:
You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,
For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,
As dogs vpon their masters worrying them.
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
These english Monsters:
My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt we were to grace him
In all things belonging to his honor;
And this wilde man hath for a few light crownes,
Lightly conspir'd and sworne vnto the practises of *France*,
To kill vs heere in *Hampton*. To the which,
This knight, no lesse in bounty bound to vs
Then *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworne.
But oh, what shall I say to thee false man,
Thou cruell, ingratefull, and inhumane creature,
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,
That knewst the very secrets of my heart,
That almost mightst haue coyn'd me into gold;
Wouldst thou haue practise on me for thy vse?
Can it be possible, that out of thee
Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?
Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth shew as grosse

As

of Henry the first.

As blacke from white, mine eye will scarcely see it.
Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practises.

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Richard*, Earle of *Cambridge*.
I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Henry*, Lord of *Masbam*.
I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of *Thomas Grey*,
Knight of *Northumberland*.

Masb. Our purposes God iustly hath discouered,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your Maiesty forgiue,
Although my body pay the price of it.

King. God quit you in his mercy.
Heare your sentence.
You haue conspir'd against our royall Person,
Ioynd with an enemy proclaim'd and fixed.
And from his Coffers receiued the golden earnest of our
death,
Touching our person we seeke no redresse,
But we our kingdomes safety must so tender,
Whose ruine you haue sought,
That to our lawes we do deliuer you.
Get you hence, poore miserable creatures to your death,
The taste whereof, God in his mercy giue you patience
To endure, and true repentance of all your deeds amisse:
Beare them hence.

Exit three Lords.

Now Lords to *France*: The enterprise whereof,
Shall be to you as vs, successiue. (way,
Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our
Cheerly to sea, the signes of war aduance;
No King of *England*, if not King of *France*.

Exit omnes.

Enter

The Chronicle History

Enter Nim, Pistol, Bardolfe, Hofter, and a boy.

Host. I prethee sweet heart,
Let me bring thee so farre as *Stanes*;
Pist. No fur, no fur.
Bar. Well, fir *Iohn* is gone, God be with him.
Host. I, he is in *Arthors* bosome, if euer any were,
He went away as if it were a cryfombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iust at turning of the tide;
His nose was as sharpe as a pen;
For when I saw him fumble with the sheets,
And talke of flowers, and smile vpon his fingers ends,
I knew there was no way but one.
How now fir *Iohn*, quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not thinke of God,
I hope there was no such need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes on his feete,
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone,
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.
And so vpward, & vpward, and all was as cold as stone,
Nim. They say he cride out on Sacke.
Host. I that he did.
Boy. And of women.
Host. No that he did not.
Boy. Yes that he did, & sed they were diuels incarnste.
Host. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.
Nim. Well, he did cry out on women.
Host. Indeed he did in some sort handle women
But then he was rumaticke,
And talkt of the whore of Babilon.
Boy. Hostes, do you remember he saw a Flea stand
Vpon *Bardolfes* nose, and sed it was a blacke soule
Burning in hell?

Bard.

of Henry the fift.

Bar. Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.
Nim. Shall we shog off?
The king will be gone from *Southampton*.
Pist. Cleare vp thy cristals,
Looke to my chattels and my moucables;
Trust none; the word is pitch and pay:
Mens words are wafer cakes,
And hold fast is the onely dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,
Touch her soft lips and part.
Bar. Farewell hostesse.
Nim. I cannot kis, and theres the humor of it.
But adieu.
Pist. Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

Exit omnes.

*Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin,
and others.*

King. Now you Lords of *Orleanse*,
Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
You see the King of England is not slacke,
For he is footed on this Land already.
Dolphin. My gracious Lord,
Tis meete we all go forth,
And arme vs against the foe:
And view the weake and sickly parts of *France*:
But let vs do it with no shew of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were troubled with a Morris dance.
For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,
Her scepter so fantastickly borne,
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
That feare attends her not.
Con. O peace Prince Dolphin, you deceiue your selfe,

C

Question

The Chronicle History

Question your Grace the late Embassador,
With what regard he heard his Embassage,
How well supplied with aged Counsellors,
And how his resolution answer'd him,
You then would say, that *Harry* was not wilde.

King. Well, thinke we *Harry* strong,
And strongly arme vs to preuent the foe.

Con. My Lord, heere is an Ambassador
From the King of England.

King. Bid him come in.
You see this chafe is hotly followed, Lords,

Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this English short,
Selfe-loue my Liege is not so vile a thing
As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiesty;
He wils you in the name of God Almighty,
That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart
That borrowed title, which by gift of heauen,
Of law, of nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the Crowne
And all wide stretched titles that belongs
Vnto the crowne of *France*, that you may know
Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claime,
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht daies
Nor from the dust of old obliuion rackt,
He sends you these most memorable lines,
In euery branch truely demonstrated:
Willing you ouerlookey this pedigree,
And when you finde him euently deriued
From his most famed and famous Ancestors,
Edward the third; he bids you then resigne
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the native and true Challenger.

King.

of Henry the first.

King. If not, what followes?

Ex. Bloody constraint, for if you hide the crown
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Lone*,
That if requiring faile, he will compell it:
And on your heads turnes he the widows teares
The orphants cries, the dead mens bones,
The pining maidens groanes,
For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers,
Which shall be swallowed in this controuersie.
This is his claime, his threatening, & my message,
Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence heere,
To whom expressly we bring greeting too.

Dol. For the Dolphin? I stand here for him,
What to heare from England.

Exe. Scorn & defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mighty sencer, doth he prize you at:
Thus saith my King. Vnles your fathers highnes
Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiesty,
Hee'l call you to so loud an answer for it,
That Caues and womby Vaults of *France*
Shall chide your trespassse, & returne your mock,
In second accent of his Ordenance.

Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,
It is against my will:
For I desire nothing so much,
As oddes with England.
And for that cause, according to his youth,
I did present him with those *Paris* balles.

Exe. Hee'l make your *Paris* Louer shake for it,
Were it the Mistresse Court of mighty *Europe*.
And be assured, you'l finde a difference,
As we his subiects haue in wonder found,
Betweene his yonger daies, and these he musters now;

C 2

Now

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Now he weighes time euen to the latest graine,
Which you shall finde in your owne losses,
If we stay in *France*.

King. Well, for vs you shall returne our answer backe
To our brother of *England*.

Exit omnes.

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Pistol, and Boy.

Nim. Before God heeres hot seruice.

Pist. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vassals drop and dye.

Nim. Tis honor, and there's the humor of it.

Boy. Would I were in *London*,
Ide giue all my honour for a pot of Ale.

Pist. And I : if wishes would preuaile,
I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Flewellen, and beats them in.

Flew. Gods plud, vp to the breaches
You rascals, will you not vp to the breaches?

Nim. Abate thy rage sweete knight,
Abate thy rage.

Boy. Well, I would I were once from them;
They would haue me as familiar
With mens pockets, as their Gloues and their
Handkerchers, they will steale any thing.

Bardolfe stole a Lute-case, carried it three mile,
And sold it for three halfepeece.

Nim stole a fire-shouell,
I knew by that, they meant to carry coales;
Well, if they will not leaue me,
I meane to leaue them.

Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Pistol, and Boy.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Capitaine *Flewellen*, you must come strait
To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloster*.

Flew.

of Henry the fift.

Flew. Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good
To come to the Mines : the conuaueties is otherwise;
You may discusse to the Duke, the enemy is digd
Himselfe fife yards vnder the countermines :
By *Ieshu* I thinke heel blow vp all,
If there be no better direction.

Alarum. Enter the King and his Lords.

King. How yet resolues the Gouvernor of the Towne?
This is the latest parley weel admit;
Therefore to our best mercy giue your selues,
Or like to men proud of destruction, desie vs to our worst,
For as I am a souldier, a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe,
I will not leaue the halfe atchieued *Harflew*,
Till in her ashes she be buried,
The gates of mercy are all shut vp.
What say you, will you yeeld and this auoid,
Or guilty in defence be thus destroid?

Enter Gouvernor.

Gower. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of succout we entreated,
Returnes vs word, his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege: therefore dread King,
We yeeld our towne and liues to thy soft mercy:
Enter our gates, dispose of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defensue now.

Enter Katherine and Alice.

Kate. *Alice* venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,
Coman sae palla vou la main en francoy.

C 3

Alice.

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Alice. La main madam de han,

Kate. E da bras.

Alice. De arma madam.

Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma,

Alice. Owe Madam.

Kate. E Coman sa pella vow la menton a la coll.

Alice. De neck, e de cin, Madam.

Kate. E de neck, e de cin, e de code.

Alice. De cudie ma foy le oblye, mais le remembre,
Le tude, o de elbo Madam.

Kate. Ecoute le reherfere, towr cella que Iac apoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.

Alice. De elbo Madam.

Kate. O Iesu, Iea obloye ma foy, ecoute le racontera
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.

Alice. May foy Madam, vou parla au se bon Angloy,
Asie vous aues etrue en Englatara.

Kate. Par la grace de deu an petty tanes. Ie parle milleur
Coman se pella vou le peide le robe.

Alice. Le foot, e le con.

Kate. Le foot, e le con, O Iesu! Ie ne veu point parle,
Sie plus deuant le che cheualires de franca,
Pur one million ma foy.

Alice. Madam, de foote, e le con.

Kate. O et ill ausie, ecoute *Alice*, de han, de arma,
De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.

Alice. Cet fort bon Madam.

Kate. A loues a diner.

Exit omnes.

*Enter King of France, Lord Constable, the
Dolphin, and Bourbon.*

King. Tis certaine he is past the Riuer Some.

Con. Mordeu ma via: Shall a few spranes of vs.
(The emptying of our fathers luxury)

Out-

of Henry the fift.

Outgrow their grafters.

Bur. Normanes, bastard Normanes, mor du,
And if they passe vnfought withall,
Iesell my Dukedome for a foggy Farme
In that short nooke Ile of England.

Con. Why whence haue they this mettall?
Is not their Climate raw, foggy, and cold.
On whom, as in disdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?
Can barley broth, a drench for swolne Iades,
Their sodden water decockt such liuely blood?
And shall our quicke blood, spirited with wine,
Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,
Let vs not hang like frozen Icesickles
Vpon our houses tops, while they (a more frosty Climate)
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.

King. Constable dispatch, send *Montjoy* forth,
To know what willing ransome he will giue:
Sonne Dolphin, you shall stay in *Rhone* with me.

Dol. Not so, I do beseech your Maiesty.

King. Well, I say it shall be so.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. How now Captaine *Flewellen*,
Come you from the bridge?

Flew. By Iesus there's excellent seruice committed at
the bridge?

Gower. Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?

Flew. The Duke of *Exeter* is a man whom I loue,
And I honour, and I worship with my soule,
And my heart, and my life,
And my lands, and my liuings,
And my vttermost powers.
The Duke is looke you,
God be praised, and pleased for it,
No harme in the worrell.

He

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He is maintaine the Bridge very gallantly:
There is an Ensigne there,
I do not know how you call him,
But by *Ieshu* I thinke he is as valiant as *Marke Anthony*,
He doth maintaine the Bridge most gallantly;
Yet he is a man of no reckoning;
But I did see him do gallant seruice.

Gower. how do you call him?

Flew. his name is ancient *Pistoll*.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Ancient Pistoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.

Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to do me a fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

Flew. I, and I praise God I haue merited some loue at his hands.

Pist. *Bardolfe* a souldier, one of buxsome valour,
Hath by furious fare, and giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That God's blinde that stands vpon the rowling restlesse stone.

Flew. By your patience Ancient *Pistoll*,
Fortune looke you is painted plinde,
With a muster before her eyes,
To signifie to you, that Fortune is plinde:
And she is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the Morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconstant, and variation, and mutabilities:
And her fare is fixed at a sphericall stone,
Which rolles, and rolles, and rolles;
Surely the Poet is make an excellent description of Fortune.

Fortune looke you is an excellent Morall.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath stolne a packs, and hangd must he be;
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,

Let

of Henry the first.

Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop.
But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death,

For packs of petty price:

Therefore go speake, the Duke will heare thy voice,

And let not *Bardolfes* vitall thred be cut,

With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.

Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flew. Captaine *Pistoll*, I partly vnderstand your meaning.

Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flew. Certainly Ancient *Pistoll*,

Tis not a thing to reioyce at,

For if he were my owne brother, I would wish the Duke

To do his pleasure, and put him to executions;

For looke you, disciplines ought to be kept,

They ought to be kept.

Pist. Die and be damned, and a fig for thy friendship.

Flew. That is good.

Pist. The figge of *Spaine* within thy law.

Flew. That is very well.

Pist. I say the fig within thy bowels & thy durty maw.

Exit Pistoll.

Flew. Captaine *Gower*, cannot you heare it lighten and thunder?

Gower. Why is this the Ancient you told me of?

I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cut-purse.

Flew. By *Iesus* he is vtter as prauie words vpon the bridge

As you shall desire to see in a sommers day;

But tis all one, what he hath sed to me,

Looke you, is all one.

Gower. Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue

That goes to the wars onely to grace himselfe

At his returne to London:

And such fellowes as he,

Are perfect in great Commanders names.

They will learne by rote where seruices were done,

At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,

D

At

The Chronicle History

At such a conuoy, who came off brauely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what termes the enemy stood on.
And this they con perfectly in phrase of warre,
Which they tricke vp with new tun'd oathes,
And what a beard of the Generals cut,
And a horrid shout of the Campe
Will do among the foming bottles and alewasht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne
To know such slanders of this age,
Or else you may meruellously be mistooke.

Flew. Certaine Captaine Gower, it is not the man,
Looke you, that I did take him to be:
But when time shall serue, I shall tell him a little
Of my desires: heere comes his Maiesty.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster, and others.

King. How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flew. I and it shall please your Maiesty,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.

King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen*?

Flew. And it shall please your Maiesty,
The partition of the aduersary hath beene great,
Very reasonably great, but for our owne parts,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a Church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiesty
Know the man, his face is full of wheelks, and knubs,
And pumple, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a coale, sometimes red, sometimes plew;
But God be praised, now his nose is executed,
And his fire out.

King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And here we giue expresse commandement,
That there be nothing taken from the villages
But paid for; none of the French abused,
Or vpbraided with disdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenity play for a Kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter

of Henry the fift.

Enter the French Herauld.

Herald. You know me by my habite.

King. Well then, we know thee,
What should we know of thee?

Her. My Masters minde.

King. Vnfold it.

Her. Go thee vnto *Harry* of England, and tell him,
Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse:
Although we did seeme dead, we did but slumber.
Now we speake vpon our kue, & our voyce is imperiall,
England shall repent her folly, see her rashnesse,
And admire our sufferance. VVhich to ransome,
His pettinesse would bow vnder:
For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake;
For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe kneeling
At our feete, a weake and worthlesse satisfaction.
To this, adde defiance.

So much from the King my Master.

King. VVhat is thy name? we know thy quality.

Herald. *Montioy.*

King. Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe,
And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now;
But could be well content, without impeach,
To march on to *Callis*; for to say the sooth,
(Though tis no wisdom to confesse so much
Vnto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My souldiers are with sicknesse much enfeebled,
My Army lessened, and those few I haue,
Almost no better then so many French:
VVho when they were in heart, I tell thee Herald,
I thought vpon one paire of English legs,
Did march three Frenchmens.
Yet God forgiue me, that I do brag thus;
Your aire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.
I must repent, go tell thy Master here I am,
My ransome is this fraile and worthlesse body,
My Army but a weake and sickly guard.

D 2

Yet

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Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and such another neighbor stood in our way;
If we may passe, we will; if we be hindered,
We shal your tawny ground with your red blood discolour
So *Montjoy* get you gone, there's for your paines:
The sum of all our answer is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are;
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.

Herald. I shall deliuer so: thanks to your Maiesty.

Gloster. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs
now.

King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs;
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exit.*

Enter *Burbon*, *Constable*, *Orleanse*, and *Gebon*.

Con. Tut, I haue the best armour in the world.

Orleanse. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.

Bur. Now you talke of a horse,
I haue a steed like the Palfrey of the sunne,
Nothing but pure aire and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

Orleanse. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Bur. And of the heate of the Ginger.
Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all:
I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus, Wonder of nature.

Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,
In the praise of ones Mistresse.

Bur. Why then did they imitate
That which I writ in praise of my horse,
For my horse is my Mistresse.

Con. Ma foy the other day, me-thought
Your Mistresse shooke you shrewdly.

Bur.

of Henry the fift.

Bur. I, bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable,
My Mistresse weares her owne haire.

Con. I could make as good a boast of that,
If I had a Sow to my Mistresse.

Bur. Tut, thou wilt make vse of any thing.

Con. Yet I do not vse my horse for my Mistresse.

Bur. Will it neuer be morning?

He ride too morrow a mile,
And my way shall be paved with english faces.

Con. By my faith so will not I,
For feare I be out-faced of my way.

Bur. Well, ile go arme my selfe; hay, *Exit.*

Gebon. The Duke of *Burbon* longs for morning.

Orleanse. I, he longs to eate the English.

Con. I thinke hee'l eate all he kills.

Orlean. O peace, ill will neuer said well.

Con. Ile cap that Prouerbe,
With there's flattery in friendship.

Orle. O sir, I can answer that,
With giue the Diuell his due.

Con. Haue at the eye of that Prouerbe,
With a iogge of the Diuell.

Orle. Well, the Duke of *Burbon* is simply
The most actiue Gentleman of *France*.

Con. Doing his actiuity, and hee'l still be doing.

Orle. He neuer did hurt as I heard off.

Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will.

Orle. I hold him to be exceeding valiant.

Con. I was told so by one that knowes him better then
you.

Orle. Whose that?

Con. Why he told me so himselfe.

And said he cared not who knew it.

Orle. Well, who will go with me to hazard,
For a hundred English prisoners?

Con. You must go to hazard your selfe,

Before

The Chronicle History
Before you haue them.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, the English lie within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.

Con. VVho hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord *Granpeere*.

Con. A valiant man, an expert Gentleman.
Come, come away,
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.

Pist. Ke ve la?

King. A friend.

Pist. Discus vnto me, art thou a gentleman?
Or art thou common, base, and popeler?

King. No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trailes thou the puissant Pike?

King. Euen so sir. VVhat are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

King. O then thou art better then the King.

Pist. The Kings a bago, and a hart of gold,
A lad of life, an impe of fame,
Of parents good, of sist most valiant:
I kis his durty shooe, and from my heart strings
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy, a Cornish man;
Art thou of Cornish crew?

King. No sir, I am a *Welchman*.

Pist. A *Welchman*; knowst thou *Flewellen*?

King. I sir, he is my kinsman.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. I sir.

Pist. Figa for thee then; my name is *Pistoll*.

King. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

Pist.

of Henry the fift.

Pist. *Pistoll* is my name.

Exit Pistoll.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. Captaine *Flewellen*.

Flew. In the name of Iesu speake lower.

It is the greatest folly in the worell, when the ancient
Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.

I warrant you, if you looke into the wars of the *Romanes*,
You shall finde no rittle rattle, nor bibble babble there,
But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,
And the ceremonies to be otherwise.

Gow. Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.

Flew. Godes sollud, if the enemy be an asse & a foole,
And a prating cocks-combe, is it meet that we be also
Afoole, and a prating cocks-combe,
In your conscience now?

Gower. Ile speake lower.

Flew. I beseech you do, good Captaine *Gower*.

Exit Gower and Flewellen.

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion,
Yet there's much care in this.

Enter three Souldiers.

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder?

2. *Soul.* I, we see the beginning,
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.

3. *Soul.* Well, I thinke the King could wish himselfe
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.

King. Now masters good morrow, what cheare?

3. *Soul.* Ifaith small cheere some of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day to an end.

King. Why feare nothing man, the king is frolike.

2. *Soul.* I he may be, for he hath no cause as we.

King. Nay say not so, he is a man as we are,
The Violet smells to him as vnto vs;
Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.

2. *Soul.*

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2. *Soul.* But the King hath a heavy reckoning to make,
If his cause be not good; when all those soules
Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And say I dyed at such a place. Some swearing;
Some their wiues rawly left;
Some leauing their children poore behinde them.
Now if his cause be bad,
I thinke it will be a greuous matter to him.

King. Why so you may say, if a man send his seruant
As Factor into another Country,
And he by any meanes miscarry,
You may say the businesse of the Master
Was the author of his seruants mis-fortune.
Or if a sonne be employd by his father,
And he fall into any leud action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.
But the master is not to answer for his seruant,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects;
For they purpose not their deaths,
When they craue their seruices;
Some there are that haue the gift
Of premeditated murder on them:
Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maidens
Now if these out-strip the law,
Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods Beadle. War is Gods vengeance:
Euery mans seruice is the Kings:
But euery mans soule is his owne.
Therefore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
And wash euery moth out of his conscience,
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death;
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made.

3. *Soul.* Ifaith he saies true,
Euery mans fault is on his owne head,

of Henry the fift.

I would not haue the king answer for me,
Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.

King. Well, I heard the king wold not be ransomed,

2. *Soul.* I he said so, to make vs fight;
But when our throats be cut, he may be ransomed,
And we neuer the wiser.

King. If I liue to see that, ile neuer trust his word againe.

2. *Soul.* Masse you'l pay him then,
Tis a great displeasure that an elder
Gun can do against a Cannon,
Or a subiect against a Monarch.

You'l nere take his word againe, you are a masse, goe.

King. Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter;
Were it not at this time I could be angry.

2. *Soul.* Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.

King. How shall I know thee?

2. *Soul.* Here's my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat,
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee.

King. Here is likewise another of mine,
And assure thee ile weare it.

2. *Soul.* Thou dar'st as well be hangd.

3. *Soul.* Be friends you fooles,
We haue French quarrels enow in hand,
We haue no need of English broyles.

King. Tis no treason to cut French Crownes,
For to morrow the King himselfe will be a clipper.

Exit the souldiers.

*Enter to the King, Gloucester, Epingham,
and Attendants.*

King. O God of battels steele my souldiers harts,
Take from them now the sence of reckoning,
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appale their courage.
O not too day, not too day O God,

E

Thinke

The Chronicle History

Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compassing the Crowne.
I Richards body haue interred new,
And on it hath bestow'd more contrite teares;
Then from it issued forced drops of blood;
A hundred men haue I in yearely pay,
Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen, to pardon blood,
And I haue built two Chanceries, more will I do:
Though all that I can do is all too little.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My Lord.

King. My brother Glosters voice.

Glo. My Lord, the army staves vpon your presence.

King. Stay Gloster stay, and I will go with thee,
The day, my friends, and all things staves for me.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, & Salisbury.

War. My Lords, the French are very strong,

Ex. There's siue to one, and yet they are all fresh.

War. Of fighting men they haue full forty thousand.

Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farewell kinde Lords:

Braue Clarence, and my Lord of Gloster,

My Lord of Warwicke, and to all farewell.

Cl. Farewell kinde Lords, fight valiantly to day,

And yet in truth I do thee wrong,

For thou art made on the true sparkes of honor.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.

King. Whose that, that wishes so, my cousen Warwick?
Gods will I would not loose the honour
One man would share from me,
Not for my kingdome.

Ne

of Henry the fift.

No faith my Cosen, with not one man more,
Rather proclaime it presently through our camp
That he that hath no stomacke to this feast
Let him depart, his passport shall bee drawne,
And crownes for conuoy put into his purse,
We would not dye in that mans company,
That feares his fellowship to dye with vs.
This day is called the day of Crispin:
He that out-liues this day, and sees olde age,
Shall stand a tipto when this day is named,
And rowse him at the name of Crispin.
He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home,
Shall yearly on the vigill feast his friends,
And say, to morrow is S. Crispins day:
Then shall we in their flowing boules
Be newly remembred. Harry the King,
Bedford and Exeter, Clarence, and Gloster,
Warwicke, and Yorke,

Familiar in their mouths as household wordes.

This story shall the good man tell his son,
And from this day vnto the generall doome,
But we in it shall be remembred.

We few, we happy few, we bond of brothers,
For he to day that sheds his blood by mine
Shall be my brother. Be he nere so base
This day shall gentle his condition.

Then shal he strip his sleeues, & shew his scars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispins day.

And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themselues accurst,

They were not there, when any speakes
That fought with vs vpon S. Crispines day.

Glo. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.

King. Why all things are ready if our mindes be so.

War. Perish the man whose minde is backward now.

E 2

King

The Chronicle History

King. Thou dost not with more helpe from England,
Consen?

War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battell out.
Why well said. That doth please me better,
Then to wish me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all.

Enter the Herald from the French.

Her. Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
What thou wilt giue for ransome?

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Her. The Constable of *France*.

King. I prethee beare my former answer backe,
Bid them archieue me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mocke good fellowes thus?
The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
Vvhile the beast liued, was kild with hunting him.
And many of our bodies shall no doubt
Finde graues within your Realme of *France*:
Though buried in your dunghils, we shall be famed,
For there the Sunne shall greeete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your clime;
The smell whereof, shall breed a plague in *France*;
Marke then abundant valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullets crasing,
Breakes forth into a second course of mischiese,
Killing in relaps of mortality:
Let me speake proudly,
There's not a peece of feather in our Campe,
Good argument I hope we shall not flye,
And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
But by the masse, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore souldiers tell me, yet ere night

They'l

of Henry the fife.

They'l be in fresher robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloaths ore your French souldiers eares,
And turne them out of seruice. If they do this,
As if it please God they shall,
Then shall our ransome soone be leuied;
Saue thou thy labour Herald,
Come thou no more for ransome, gentle Herald.
They shall haue nought I sweare, but these my bones:
Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
VWill yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

Her. I shall deliuer so.

Exit Herald.

Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue
The leading of the vaward.

King. Take it braue *Yorke*.

Come souldiers let's away,
And as thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

Exit.

Enter the foure French Lords.

Gebon. O diabello.

Con. Mor du ma vie.

Orle. O what a day is this!

Bur. O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is lost.

Con. VVe are enow yet liuing in the field,
To smother vp the English,
If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. A plague of order, once more to the field,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base leno hold the chamber doore,
VWhy least by a slaue no gentler then my dog,
His fairest daughter is contamuracke.

Con. Disorder that hath spoild vs, right vs now,
Come we in heapes, wee'l offer vp our liues
Vnto these English, or else die with fame.

E 3

Come

The Chronicle History

Come, come along,
Lets dye with honor, our shame doth last too long.

Exit omnes

Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the boy.

Pist. Eyld cur, eyld cur.

French. O Monsieur, ie vou en pree aues petie demoy.

Pist. Moy shall not serue, I will haue forty moys.

Boy, aske his name.

Boy. Comant ettes v ous apelles?

Fren. Monsieur Fer.

Boy. He sayes his name is master Fer.

Pist. Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him,

Boy discusse the same in French.

Boy. Sir I do not know whats French for Fer, ferite, and
ferke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Boy. Feate, vou preat, ill voules couple votre gorge.

Pist. Onye ma foy couple la gorge,

Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious ransome, dye.

One point of a fox.

Fren. Qui dit ill monsieur,

Ill ditye si vou ny vouly pa domy luy.

Boy. La gran ransome, ill voutueres.

Fren. O ie vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle

A cce, gran Captaine, pour auez mercie

A moy, ey ice donerees pour mon ransome

Cinquante ocios. Ic suyves vngentelhome de France.

Pist. What sayes he boy?

Boy. Marry sir he sayes he is a gentleman of a great

House of France, and for his ransome,

He will giue you 500. Crownes.

Pist. My fury shall abate,

And I the Crownes will take,

And as I sucke blood, I will some mercie shew.

Follow

of Henry the first.

Follow me cur.

Exit omnes

Enter the King, his Nobles, and Pistoll.

King. What the French retire?

Yet als not done, the French keepes still the field.

Ex. The Duke of Yorke commends him to your Grace.

Kin. Liues he good vnkle, twice I saw him downe,

Twice vp againe:

From helmet to the spur, all bleeding ore.

Exe. In which array, braue souldier doth he lye,

Larding the plaines, and by his bloody side,

Yoake-fellow to his honour-dying wounds,

The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.

Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all wounded ore

Comes to him where in blood he lay all slept,

And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes

That bloudily did yawne vpon his face,

And cryed alowd, tarry deere cousin Suffolke:

My soule shall thine keepe company in heauen:

Tarry deere soule awhile, then flye to rest:

And in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept together in our Chivalry:

Vpon these words I came and cheer'd them vp,

He tooke me by the hand, saide deere my Lorde,

Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,

So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke

He threw his wounded arme, and so espousd to death

With blood he sealed. An argument

Of neuer-ending loue,

The pretty and sweete manner of it,

Forc'd those waters from me, which I would haue stoppte,

But I had not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into my eyes,

And gaue me vp to teares:

Kin. I blame you not: for hearing you,

I must conuert to teares.

Alarum

The Chronicle History

Alarum sounds.

VVhat new alarum is this?
Bid euery souldier kill his prisoner.
Pist. Couple gorge.

Exit omnes.

Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.

Flew. Godes plud kill the boyes and the luyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be desired
In the worell now, in your conscience now.

Gower. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left alieue,
And the cowardly rascals that ran from the battell,
Themselues haue done this slaughter;
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt
All that was in the Kings Tent:
VVhereupon the king caused euery prisoners
Throat to be cut. Oh he is a worthy King.

Flew. I, he was borne at *Monmouth*;
Captaine *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?

Gower. *Alexander* the great.

Flew. VVhy I pray, is not big great?
As if I say, big, or great, or magnanimous,
I hope tis all one reckoning,
Saue the phrase is a little variation.

Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the great
VVas borne at *Macedon*,
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As I take it.

Flew. I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed
VWhere *Alexander* was borne:
Looke you Captaine *Gower*,
And if you looke into the Maps of the worell well,
You shall finde little difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmouth*. Looke you, there is

A

of Henry the fift.

A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is alio a Riuer
In *Monmouth*, the Riuer's name at *Monmouth*
Is called *Wye*.

But tis out of my braine what is the name of the other:
But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to fingers,
And there is Samons in both.

Looke you Captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,
You shall finde our King is come after *Alexander*,
God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his
Bowles, and his Ales, and his wrath, & his displeasures
And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*.

Gow. I but our King is not like him in that,
For he neuer kild any of his friends.

Flew. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out
Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished:
I speake in the comparisons, as *Alexander* is kill
His friend *Clitus*: so our King being in his ripe
Wits and iudgements, is turne away the fat Knite
With the great belly doublet:
I am forget his name.

Gower. Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Flew. I, I thinke it is Sir Iohn Falstaffe indeed,
I can tell you, there's good men borne at *Monmouth*.

Enter the King and his Lords.

King. I was not angry since I came in France,
Vntill this houre.

Take a Trumpet Herald,
And ride vnto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or leaue the field, they do offend our sight.
Will they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skyr away, as fast
As stones enfore'd from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, weel cut the throats of those we haue,
And not one aliue shall taste our mercy.

F

Enter

The Chronicle History.

Enter the Herald.

Gods will what meanes this? knowst thou not
That we haue fined these bones of ours for ransome?

Her. I come great King for charitable fauour,
To sort our Nobles from our common men,
We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,
Which in the fiede lye spoiled and troden on.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I do not know whether the day be ours or no:
For yet a many of your French do keepe the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God therefore:
What Castle call you that?

Her. We call it Agincourt.

Kin. Then call we this the fiede of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin, Crispianus.

Flew. Your Grandfather of famous memory,
If your Grace be remembred,
Is do good seruice in France.

King. Tis true *Flewellen.*

Flew. Your Maiefty sayes very true.
And it please your Maiefty,
The Welshmen there was do good seruice,
In a Garden where Leekes did grow,
And I thinke your Maiefty will take no scorne,
To weare a Leeke in your cap vpon S. Dauies day.

King. No *Flewellen*, for I am Welsh as well as you.

Flew. All the water in Wye will not wash your welch
Blood out of you. God keepe it, and preserue it,
To his graces will and pleasure.

King. Thankes good Countrey-man.

Flew. By Iesu I am your Maiesties Countryman, (man.
I care not who kno it, so long as your maiefty is an honest

King. God keepe me so. Our Herald go with him,
And bring vs the number of the scattered French,

Exit Herald.

Call

of Henry the fife.

Call yonder souldier hither.

Flew. You fellow, come to the King.

Kin. Fellow, why dost thou weare that gloue in thy hat?

Soul. And please your maiefty, tis a rascalles that swag-
gard with me the other day: and he hath one of mine, the
which if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him: so hath he
the like to mee.

Kin. How thinke you *Flewellen*, is it lawfull to keep his
Oath?

Fl. And it please your Maiefty tis lawfull to keep his vow
If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggarly knaue, as
treads vpon too blacke shooes.

King. His enemy may be a Gentleman of worth.

Flew. And if he be as good a Gentleman as Lucifer and
Belzebub, and the diuell himselfe,
Tis meete he keepe his vow.

King. Well sirrha keepe your word,
Vnder what Captaine seruest thou?

Soul. Vnder Captaine *Gower*.

Flew. Captaine *Gower* is a good Captaine,
And hath good litterature in the warres.

Kin. Go call him hither.

Soul. I will my Lord.

Exit souldier.

Kin. Captaine *Flewellen*, when *Alanson* and I
Were downe together, I tooke this gloue from's helmet,
Heere *Flewellen* weare it.

If any challenge it, he is a friend of *Alansons*,
And an enemy to me.

Flew. Your Maiefty doth me as great a fauour,
As can be desired in the hearts of his subiects.
I would see that man now that wold challenge this gloue
And it please God of his grace I would but see him,
That is all.]

King. *Flewellen* knowst thou Captaine *Gower*?

Flew. Captaine *Gower* is my friend

F 2

And

The Chronicle History

And if it like your maiesty, I know him very well.

King. Go call him hither.

Flew. I will and it shall please your maiesty.

King. Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,
The gloue he weares, it was the foldiers:
It may be there will be harme betweene them,
For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,
And being toucht, as hot as Gun-powder:
And quickly will returne an iniury.
Go see there be no harme betweene them.

*Enter Captaine Gower, Flewellen, and the
Soldier.*

Flew. Captaine *Gower*, in the name of Iesu
Come to his maiesty, there is more good towards you
Then you can dreame of.

Soul. Do you heare, you sir,
Do you know this gloue?

Flew. I know the gloue is a gloue.

Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.

He strikes him.

Flew. Gods plut, and his Captaine *Gower* stand away,
He giue treason his due presently.

*Enter the King, Warwick, Clarence,
and Exeter.*

King. How now? Whats the matter?

Flew. And it shall please your maiesty,
Heere is the notablest peece of treason come to light.
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.
Heere is a rascall, beggerly rascall is strike the gloue,
Which your maiesty in person
Tooke out of the Helmet of *Alanfon*:
And your maiesty will beare me witness,

And

of Henry the first.

And testimonies, and auouchments,

That this is the gloue.

Soul. And it please your maiesty,

That was my gloue.

He that I gaue it to in the night,

Promised me to weare it in his hat:

I promised to strike him if he did.

I met that Gentleman with my gloue in's hat,

And I thinke I haue bene as good as my worde.

Flew. Your Maiesty heares,

Vnder your Maiestyes man-hoode,

What a beggerly lowfie knaue it is.

King. Let me see thy gloue.

Looke you, this is the fellow of it.

It was I indeede you promised to strike.

And thou hast giuen me most bitter words,

How canst thou make vs amends?

Flew. Let his necke answer it,

If there be any marshals law in the worell.

Soul. My Liege,

All offences come from the heart:

Neuer came any from mine

To offend your Maiesty.

You appeard to me but as a common man:

Witness the night, your garments,

Your lowlinesse; and whatsoever

You receiued vnder that habite,

I beseech your maiesty, impute it

To your owne fault, and not to mine.

For your selfe came not like your selfe:

Had you beene as you seemed then to mee,

I had made no offence, my gracious Lord,

Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.

King. Vnckle, fill the gloue with Crownes,

And giue it to the souldier.

Weare it fellow,

F 3

And

The Chronicle History

As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
Giue him the Crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,
I must needs haue you friends.

Flew. By Iesus, the fellowe hath mettall enough in his belly.

Harke you souldier, There is a filling for you,
And keepe your selfe out of brawles,
And prabbles, and dissentions,
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.

Soul. Ile none of your money sir, not I.

Flew. Why tis a good filling man:
Why should you be queamish?
Your shooes are not so good.
It will serue you to mend your shooes.

Kin. What men of sort are taken vnckle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
John Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchquall*.
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fiftene hundred, besides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French, that in the fiede lyes slaine.
Of Nobles bearing banners in the fiede,
Charles de le Brute, high Constanble of France,
Iaques of Chatillian, Admirall of France,
The master of the Crosse-bowes, John Duke *Alonsen*,
Lord *Rambieres*, high Master of France.
The braue sir *Gwizard*, Dolphin. Of *Nobelle Charillai*,
Gran *Prie* and *Rosse*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*,
Gerard and *Verton*, *Vandemant* and *Lestra*.

King. Heeres was a royall fellowship of death,
Where is the number of our English dead?

Exe. Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dany Gam* Esquire,
And of all the other, but fise and twenty.

King. O God, thy arme was heere,
And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise:

When

of Henry the fift.

When without stratageme,
And euen in shooke of battell, was euer heard
So great and little losse, on one part and another?
Take it O God, for it is onely thine.

Exe. Tis wonderfull.

Kin. Come, let vs go on procession through the campe:
Let it be death proclaim'd to any man
To boast heereof, or take the praise from God,
Which is his due.

Flew. Is it lawfull, and it please your Maiessty,
To tell how many is kild?

Kin. Yes *Flewellen*,
But with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

Flew. Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.

kin. Let there be sung Nououes and Te Deum,
The dead with charity enter'd in clay:

Weel then to *Calice*, and to England then,
Where nere from *France*, arriu'd more happier men.

Exit omnes.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. But why do you weare your Leeke to day?
Saint *Danies* is past?

Flew. There is occasion Captaine *Gower*,
Looke you why, and wherefore:
The other day looke you, *Pistoller*,
Which you know is a man of no merites
In the worell, is come where I was the other day,
And brings bread and salt, and biddes mee
Eate my Leeke: twas in a place, looke you,
Where I could moone no dissentions,
But if I can see him, I shall tell him
A little of my desires.

Gow. Heere he comes swelling like a Turkey-cocke.

Enter

The Chronicle History

Enter Pistoll.

Flewellen. Tis no matter for his swelling, and his curk-
cockes.

God plesse you Ancient Pistoll, you scall,
Beggerly, lowfy knave, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha, art thou Bedlem?
Dost thou thurst base Troyan,
To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?
Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.

Flew. Ancient Pistoll,
I would desire you because it doth not agree
With your stomackes, and your appetites,
And your digestions, to eate this Leeke.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.
Flew. There is one Goate for you, ancient Pistoll.

He strikes him.

Pist. Base Troyan, thou shalt dye.]
Flewellen. I, I know I shall dye:

But in the meane time, I would desire you
To liue and eate this Leeke.

Cower. Enough Captaine,
You haue astonisht him, it is enough.

Flewel. Astonisht him,
By Iesu, Ile beate his head foure dayes
And foure nights too, but Ile make him
Eate some part of my Leeke.

Pist. Well must I bite?
Flew. I out of question, or doubt, or ambiguities,
You must bite.

He makes Ancient Pistoll bite of the Leeke.
Pistol. Good, good.

Flewel.

of Henry the fift.

Flewellen. I Leekes are good, ancient Pistoll.
Looke you now, there is a filling for you
To heale your bloody coxcombe.

Pist. Me a shilling.
Flew. If you will not take it,
I haue another Leeke for you.

Pist. I take thy shilling in earnest of reckoning.
Flew. If I owe you any thing,

I will pay you in Cudgelles:
You shall be a Wood-monger,
And buy Cudgels. And so God be with you
Ancient Pistoll, God plesse you,
And heale your broken pate.

Ancient Pistoll, if you see Leekes another time,
Mocke at them, that is all: God bwy you.

Exit Flewellen.

Pist. All hell shall stirre for this.
Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
Is honour cudgeld from my warlike loynes?
Well France farewell, newes haue I certainly
That Doll is sicke. One malady of France
The warres affoordeth nought, home will I trug,
Baud will I turne, and vse the flight of hand:
To England will I steale,
And there Ile steale:
And patches will I ger vnto these scarres,
And sweare I gat them in the Gallia warres. |

Exit Pistoll

*Enter at one doore, the King of England and his
Lords.*

*And at the other doore, the King of France, Queene
Katherine, the Duke of Burbon,
and others.*

G

Har.

The Chronicle History

Harry. Peace to this meeting,
Wherefore we are met,
And to our brother France, faire time of day,
Faire health vnto our louely cousin Katherine,
And as a branch, and member of this stocke,
We do salute you, Duke of *Burgundy*.

Fran. Brother of England,
Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
So are we Princes English euery one.

Duke. With pardon vnto your mightinesse,
Let it not displease you, if I demand
What rub or barre hath thus farre hindered you
To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace?

Har. If Duke of *Burgundy* you would haue peace,
You must buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our Articles.

Fran. We haue but with a curfory eye
Ore-view'd them; pleaseth your Grace,
To let some of your Counsell sit with vs,
We shall returne our peremptory answer.

Har. Go Lords, and sit with them,
And bring vs answer backe.
yet leaue our cousen Katherine heere behind.

Fran. Withall our hearts,
Exit French King and the Lords.

*Manet, king Henry, Katherine, and the
Gentlewoman.*

Har. Now Kate,
You haue a blunt wooer heere left with you,
If I could winne thee at Leape-frog,
Or with vaulting with my armour on my backe,
Into my saddle,
Without bragge be it spoken,
Ide make compare with any.

But

of Henry the fift.

But leauing that Kate,
If thou takest me now,
Thou shalt haue me at the worst,
And in wearing thou shalt haue me better and better,
Thou shalt haue a face that is not worth sun-burning.
But doest thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint Denis and Saint George,
Shall get a boy, that shall go to Constantinople,
And take the great Turke by the beard?
Ha, Kate.

Kate. Is it possible dat me fall
Loue de enemy de France?

Harry. No Kate,
It is vnpossible you should loue the enemy of France.
For Kate I loue France so well,
That Ile not leaue a village,
Ile haue it all mine. Then Kate,
When France is mine,
And I am yours:
Then France is yours,
And you are mine.

Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.
Harry. No Kate,
Why Ile tell you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married husband.
Let me see, Saint Dennis be my speede.
Quan France & mon.

Kate. Dat is, when France is yours.
Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.
Kate. And I am to you.
Harry. Douck France ettes a vous.
Kate. Den France fall be mine.
Harry. Et ie suyues a vous.
Kate. And you will be to me.
Har. Wilt beleue me Kate? Tis easier for me

G 2

To

The Chronicle History

To conquer the kingdome,
Then to speake so much more French.
Kate. A your Maiesty
Has false France enough, to deceiue
De best Lady in France.

Harry. No faith *Kate* not I.
But *Kate* prethee tell me in plaine tearmes,
Dost thou loue me?

Kate. I cannot tell.

Harry. No: Can of any your Neighbours tel,
He aske them.

Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.
And soone when you are in your Closser,

Youle question this Lady of me:

But I pray thee sweet *Kate*, vse me mercifully,

Because I loue thee cruelly.

That I shall dye *Kate*, is sure:

But for thy loue by the Lord neuer.

What wench,

A straight backe will grow crooked,

A round eye will grow hollow,

A great legge will waxe small,

A curld pate prooue bald:

But a good heart *Kate* is the Sun and the Moon.

And rather the Sun and not the Moone:

And therefore *Kate* take me,

Take a souldier, take a souldier,

Take a king:

Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue mee?

Kate. Dat is as please de king my Father.

Harry. Nay it will please him,

Nay it shall please him *Kate*,

And vpon that condition *Kate* ile kisse thee.

Ka. O mon du ie ne voudroy faire quelle chose

Pour toute le monde,

Ce ne poynt votree fashion en fauor.

Harry

of Henry the fift.

Harry. What sayes she Lady?

Lady. Dat it is not de fashon in France
For de maides, befor da be married to
May foy ie oblye, what is to bassie?

Har. To kisse, to kisse.

O that tis not the fashon in France
For the maids to kisse before they are married.

Lady. Owee see votree grace.

Har. Well, weel breake that custome.

Therefore *Kate* patience perforce and yeelde.

Before God *Kate* you haue witchcraft

In your kisses:

And may perswade with me more

Then all the French Councell.

Your father is returned.

*Enter the Kings of France, and the
Lords.*

How now my Lords?

Fran. Brother of England,
We haue ordered the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in serule had.

Exe. Onely he hath not subscribed this,
Where your Maiesty demands,
That the King of France hauing any occasion
To write for matter of grant,

Shall name your Highnesse in this forme:
And with this addition in French,

Nostre tresher filz, Henry Roy d' Angleterre.

E beare de France. And thus in Latine:

Preclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Anglia,

Et heres Francia.

Fran. Nor this haue we so nicely stood vpon,
But you faire brother may intreat the same.

G 3

Harry

The Chronicle History

Harry. Why then let this among the rest
Haue his full course : And withall,
Your daughter *Katherine* in marriage.

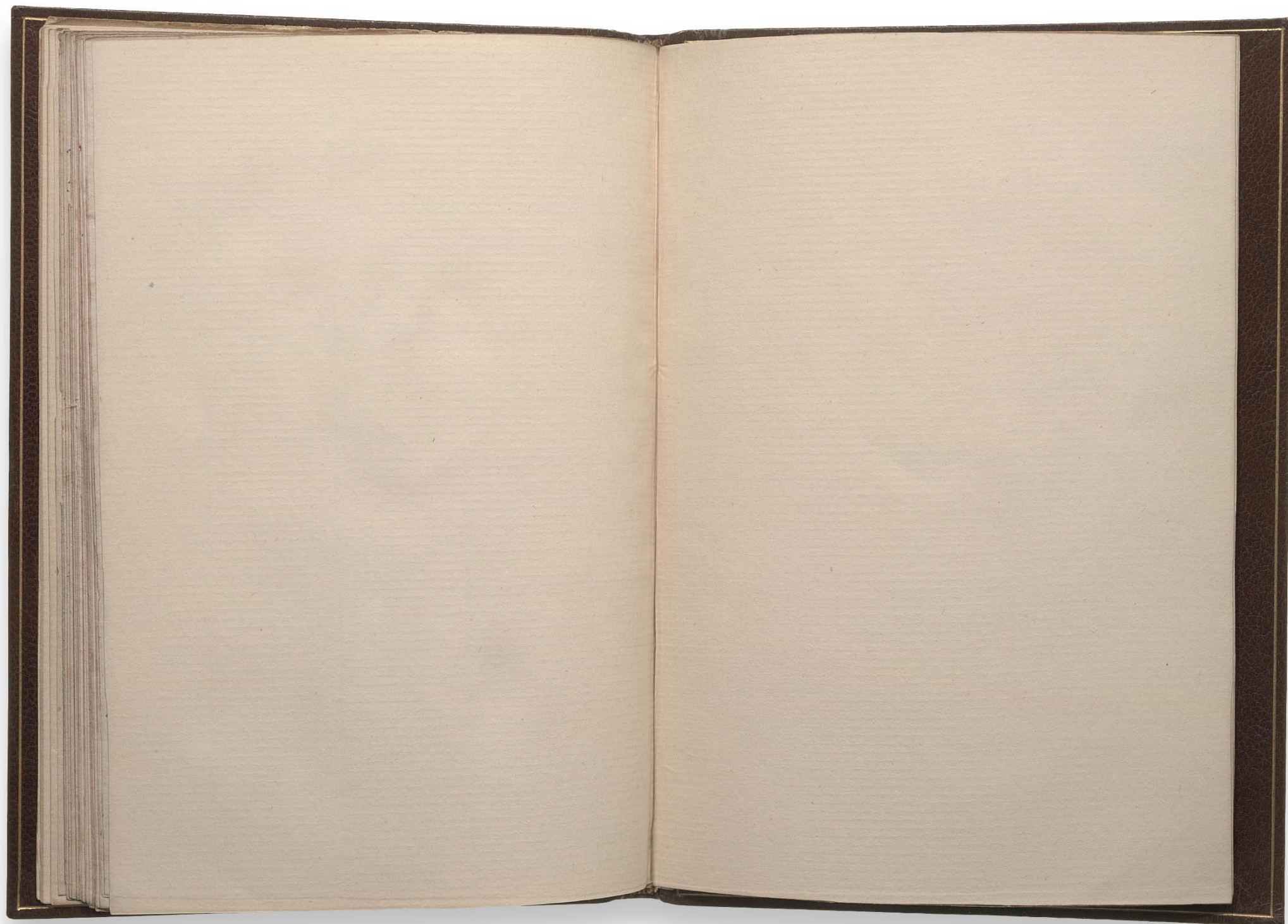
Fran. This and what else
your Maiesty shall craue :
God that disposeth all, giue you much ioy.

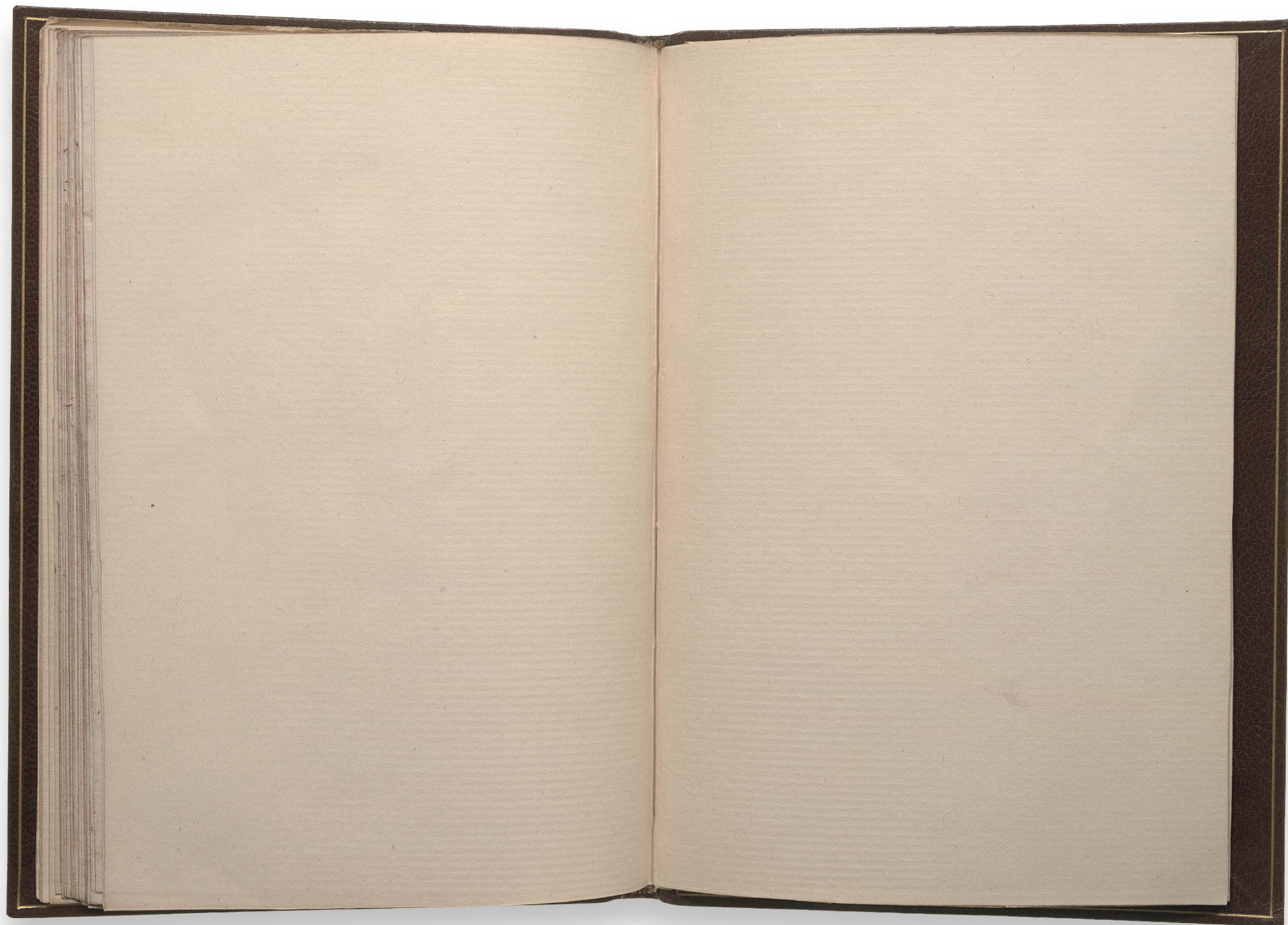
Har. Why then faire *Katherine*,
Come giue me thy hand :
Our marriage will we present solemnize,
And end our hatred by a bond of loue.
Then will I sweare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to me,
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken be.

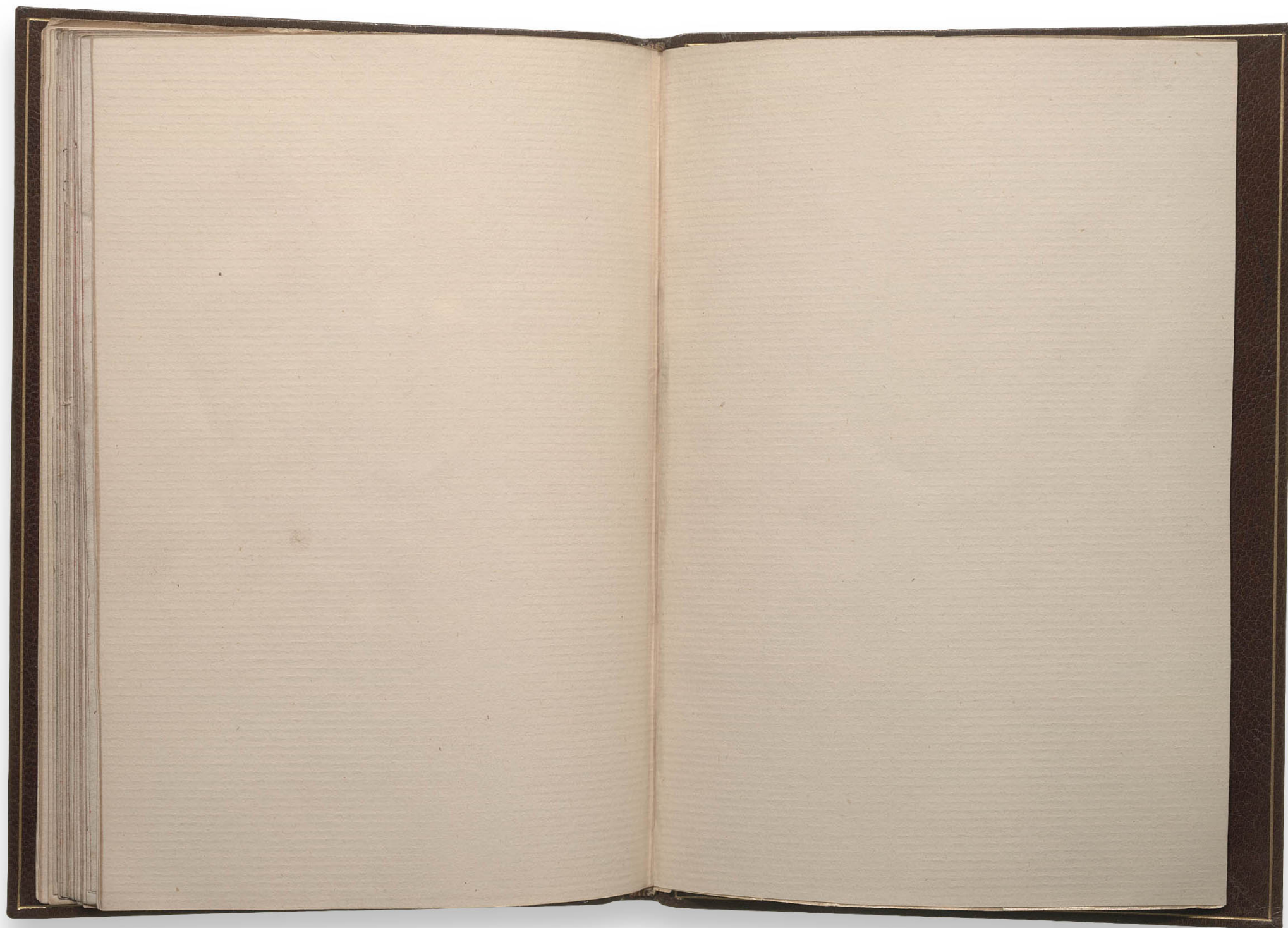


FINIS.











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